PAUL FLANDERS 6-37
DRAWER Z

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 6 • No. 13 CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • MARCH 26, 1937 5 CENTS

SAYS THE EDITOR

WE HELPED GET THE TWO PAID FIREMEN

Now that our efforts have resulted in action by the city council creating two paid jobs on the fire department, we are sitting back waiting for the roses. The action of the council has already caused a lowering of insurance rates, and with the actual establishment of the two paid men on the job on the opening of the new fire house April 1, there will be an additional cut in the rates.

THE CYMBAL has had much to do with this. It has shown the necessity for such action and it has shown the lop-sided appropriations by the city for fire and police. While our police department continues with an over-manned, over-financed force, we have at least brought the comparative appropriations for the two public safety departments nearer what they should be. We now know that a fire alarm call will be answered with the least possible delay, by men paid to respond and therefore on their toes.

As for the police department, we have been wondering when it will be considered necessary to add another traffic officer for the summer and then, as previously, do nothing about removing him. This will increase the department by another man and we won't be a bit surprised if it is done. But THE CYMBAL will continue harping on this ridiculously over-manned and over-paid department and continue to show how and why it is over-manned and over-paid. Carmel needs [illegible] extension and improvement of Junipero street, for instance—and it can use any amount it might with wisdom and perfect safety withdraw from the police department.

DON'T CALL 100 UNLESS YOU HAVE A FIRE

Do you realize that every time at night you call "One Hundred" on the telephone you precipitate about six good and sleeping men out of their slumbers?

Well, you do. And when you are prompted to do so by any other reason than that there is a fire you wish to report, you are doing a most inconsiderate thing.

When "One Hundred" is called, the telephones ring in six homes in town—the fire chief's, the assistant fire chief's, two captains', Birney Adams' and one other fireman's.

After April 1, if you call "One Hundred," besides jerking the fire chief and Birney Adams out of their sleep, you will bounce six men in the new fire house out onto their feet, you will light all the lights in the fire house and, figuratively, grease both the descending poles.

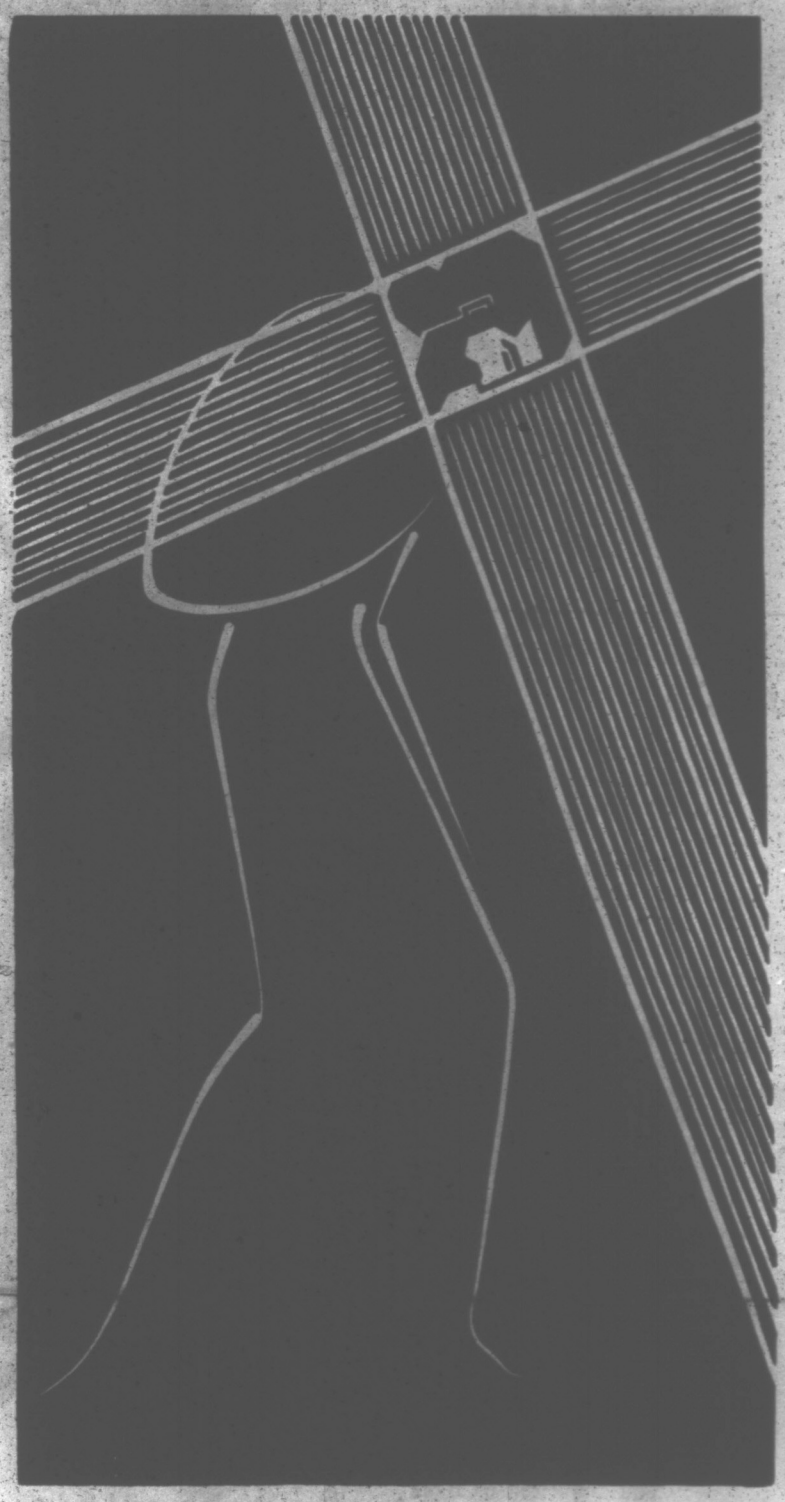
So, unless you have an actual fire to report, don't do it.

\+ + +

David Lloyd, son of Professor and Mrs. F. E. Lloyd, of Carmel, and Kathleen M. Elliott, of Montreal, Canada, were married in Montreal last Saturday. Mr. Lloyd is a research assistant at the Banting Institute in the medical school of the University of Toronto, while his wife is interning at the Montreal General Hospital.

\+ + +

Louis Slevin is in the Community Hospital recovering satisfactorily from an operation.



A linoleum designed and cut for the Cymbal by Ben Schafer

WILLIAMS AND FUNCHESS WILL BE NEW PAID FIREMEN

Vincent Williams and Paul Funchess will probably be Carmel's first paid firemen.

Although there is nothing official in the report, it is expected that the names of these two men will be presented to the city council at its meeting next Wednesday night by Councilman Bernard Rowntree, fire commissioner, as his appointees to the positions of senior and junior truck drivers.

If the appointments are accepted and approved by the council, as they probably will be, Williams and Funchess will begin their duties on the following day, April 1, simultaneous with the opening of the new fire house.

There are other applications which have been filed with Councilman Rowntree, but these two men are thought by other members of the volunteer fire department as the most likely to receive the appointments. It is said that Fred Mylar, post office employe; Billy France, of the Carmel Hardware Company, and Lynton Hitchcock have also filed applications.

It will be up to Rowntree to select one of the two men he names as senior truck driver, to be on duty twelve daylight hours, and junior truck driver, for the twelve night hours. The senior job pays $140 to start, and the junior, $120.

Vincent Williams was a member of the volunteer department for several years before leaving for New Rochelle, N.Y., five years ago. In New Rochelle he served on the fire department and on his return a year ago was immediately re-instated in the Carmel department. Funchess has been a member of the Carmel department for more than five years and is as well an expert in automobile mechanics.

Both men are exceedingly popular among the volunteer firemen.

With the opening of the new fire house there will be not one, but six men on duty at night. Only the paid man will be there in line of official duty, but five other members of the volunteer department have signified their desire to sleep in the fire house and will, of course, respond immediately to alarms.

This gives the city the equivalent of six paid men on duty at night, and the Pacific Board of Fire Underwriters has declared that it will recognize these men as paid firemen on duty in the reduction of fire insurance rates. In fact, there has already been a 10-cent reduction made in fire insurance premiums as a result of the building of the fire house and the announced employment of two paid firemen for day and night duty.

Carmel Churches and Mission Prepare Special Services for Easter Week-End

Carmel churches and the Carmel Mission have arranged for special services for Good Friday and Easter Sunday as usual and working in conjunction with them the weather man promises a week-end which will be more in keeping with the spirit of joy and new-birth.

At the Carmel Mission there will be the beautiful Tre Hore services today and for the fourth time a beautiful old Spanish custom will be followed in the service The old Mission itself is such a hallowed spot, that with the black and purple hangings as a background for the large crucifix and the life-sized figure of Our Sorrowful Mother and St. John, it is not hard to go back in spirit to the first Good Friday on Calvary.

One who saw it last year writes: "The services throughout the Three Hours were beautiful, but it would be hard to find words to describe the closing ceremony After the Stations had been made, the priests, the altar boys, and four Holy Name men filled the sanctuary. The Holy Name men carried a white bier covered with a white linen cloth, and two of the altar boys had smaller cloths in their hands. One of the men, like another Joseph of Arimathea, placed a ladder behind the crucifix, climbed to the top of the cross, which is about ten feet high, and put a long white cloth under the arms of the crucified Jesus. He then removed the crown of thorns and handed it to one of his companions who placed it on one of the small white cloths. Then with a hammer he knocked the nails out of the hands. There was a breathless silence throughout the entire church as the blows of that awful hammer rang out loud and clear, and the arms gently lowered to the sides. After the nails had been removed from the feet, the body was lowered by means of the white cloth, and laid on the bier. The procession then went slowly down the aisle to the side chapel, where the body was laid on the altar. It was all done beautifully and reverently, and many hearts must have been softened as this impressive ceremony brought to their minds so vividly the true meaning of Good Friday."

The Mission extends a cordial welcome to all who wish to be present during the Tre Hore services, from 12 to 3 today.

Following are the services at All Saints Church, the Carmel Community Church and St. John's at Del Monte:

ALL SAINTS CHURCH

GOOD FRIDAY

Noon to 3 o'clock, Three Hour devotional service.

EASTER

8 a.m. Celebration of the Holy Communion.

9:45 o'clock Church School.

11 o'clock Full choral communion service. Special music with Steen Skonhoft as guest soloist.

The Rev. Albert E. Clay will be in charge of the services.

CARMEL MISSION

GOOD FRIDAY

8 a.m.—Veneration and Adoration of the Cross. Mass of the Presanctified.

Noon to 3 o'clock, Three Hour Devotion. Meditations on the Passion. Homilies on the Seven Last Words. Stations of the Cross.

7:30 p.m., Stations of the Cross.

HOLY SATURDAY

Blessing of the Easter Fire. The blessing of the Paschal Candle and the Baptismal Font at 7 a.m., followed immediately by Mass.

3 to 6 o'clock, Confessions.

7:30 to 10 o'clock, Confessions.

EASTER SUNDAY

High Mass at 8 o'clock. Children's Choir under the direction of the Missionary Catechists will sing.

Mass at 10 o'clock, with Mr. Edward C. Hopkins at the organ. A duet will be sung by Mrs. Kalmen Y. Sapero and Mrs. Paul Hicks and Mrs. Sapero will also sing Gounod's "Ave Maria."

COMMUNITY CHURCH

Easter Day at the Community Church will be observed with the presentation of a children's program by the pupils of the Church School at 9:45 a.m., and a morning worship service with special music and a sermon meditation at 11 o'clock. The preparation of the children's program has been in charge of the Rev. and Mrs. Homer S. Bodley, Mrs. Clara Nixon and Mrs. Mabel [illegible]art. The music for the worship [illegible]vice will be directed by Mrs. Valona Brewer.

At the Church School hour there will be a worship period and a program of songs and drama as follows.

Call to Worship—A song by the Primary Department.

Call to Prayer—A song by Gail Fraties.

The Lord's Prayer.

Response—Song by the Primary Department.

Scripture reading, "Spring," by Nancy Watson.

Song, "The Alder by the River," by Victor Harber and David Bird.

Violin solo by June Canoles.

Reading, "A Conversation in the Orchard," by Willette Torres.

Songs: "Sleep Little Seed," "Easter Day," "God Is Love," by the Primary Department.

A Play, "Children of Galilee," presented by the Junior Department, with the following taking part: John Graham, Billie Askew, Bob Holm, Laurel Bixler, Barbara Bodley, Laura Lee Koepp, Flora Lee Koepp, Suzanne Watson, Peter Thatcher, Don Berry, Charles Gan-

(Continued on Page Eight)

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

The bonafide paid circulation of THE CYMBAL *last week (issue of March 19, 1937) was as follows:*

PAID SUBSCRIBERS

Carmel District	347
Outside Carmel District	102
Newsstand Sales	*120
Total	569
Gain over previous week	8

(The newsstand figures are the average for the past month and do not include the extra special edition sales.)

(You may be interested in knowing that in Carmel only THE CYMBAL *publishes weekly a circulation statement. There's a very good reason why only* THE CYMBAL *does.)*

Young Artists Get Art Gallery All Their Very Own

Saturday last witnessed a partition-tearing-down-bee which should go on the records of Carmeliana. While we sat in the corner, quietly tapping out nails from a pile of lumber and straightening them on the little stove in the corner, four Carmel artists were in the throes . . . not of creation, but of glorious destruction. Abbie Lou Bosworth, Major Coote, Dudley Carter and Remo Scardigli, with hammer, saw, and crow bar, tore out the oddly collected layers of shingles and boards and masonite which were the partitions in the little house to the rear of the Carmel Art Gallery, popularly known as The Shack.

At the suggestion of Mrs. Ethel Warren, curator, this building was turned over to the younger members of the Association at the last board meeting. Plans are being promulgated at the present time to apportion the use of the building among the various suggested activities. It is hoped that this will be a nucleus for revived activity in the arts.

+ + +

BILLY FRANCE MAKES GOOD AFTER TALKING A BIT TOO FAST

Billy France, he of King Tut fame, a good fireman, a radio fix-it-quicker and general facto factotum at the Carmel Hardware company, spoke too fast a couple of weeks ago and—well, he made good on it.

A window scanner spied a contraption known and designated as a "sprinkler head lawn trimmer" in the Carmel Hardware window. It's a gadget that cuts a neat little ring of sod around an imbedded sprinkler and lifts it out so that you can see the sprinkler and not run the lawn mower into it. The window-scanner liked it; he had never seen such a nifty thing before. He wanted it; in fact, he wanted two of it.

He went inside. "Do you deliver?" he asked Billy. "Sure," was the answer, "Anywhere in the United States." "Fine, I'll take them," and he gave the unflinching France an address in Massachusetts.

"How much to deliver?" the stranger asked. Billy thought fast. "Twenty-five cents," he said.

The gadgets were taken to the post office that day and the parcels post charge was 18 cents.

The Massachusetts bird got home before the gadgets did, but they arrived and safely, according to a letter Billy just received.

+ + +

COMMUNITY CHURCH FOOD SALE TOMORROW

Turn off the gas! Put the pie plate away! And get into your duds tomorrow morning early and buy your week-end food at the Carmel Garage. You even stand a chance—for ten cents—of winning a whole baked ham, and think what that would mean on this, of all, Sundays.

Beans, salads, pies and cakes—made in the best ovens in town—will be purveyed by the Community Church Guild beginning at 9 o'clock in the morning tomorrow. Mrs. Flo Holm, of some local culinary fame, is in charge, assisted by Mrs. Homer Bodley, Mrs. Eula Douglas and Mrs. Agnes Nye.

At any rate, take a chance on the ham.

ELECTROLUX
CLEANER
No obligation for demonstration
GEO. L. CHANEY, Agent
Telephone Carmel 41 or 68
P. O. Box 1684

A Matter of Feminine Pulchritude And Possible Double Pneumonia

Approximately 378 brilliant specimens of feminine pulchritude, ranging in age, we should conjecture, between 16 and 22 (reckoned in summers), descended on Carmel last week-end. Most of them are still here. Some of them are possibly in various hospitals with double pneumonia. Those of them who are still able to scamper about must have depleted the city's stock of aspirin.

From all appearances, the girls from Stanford, Mills College and way points, either forgot their clothes when they started for Carmel, or like the one reported missing from her Palo Alto home last week, must have left too suddenly to gather them up. They all swarmed out of the various cottages and apartments they have commandeered about town in shorts and sweat shirts. A few of them wore sneakers, a few others ordinary shoes, a few riding boots, and one or two French heels. But aside from the shoes, the shorts and the sweat shirts, a ribbon or two here and there constituted any additional bit of cotton, wool, silk or linen.

Carmel, not at all resourceless when it comes to digging up gasps for its own consumption, sneaked under umbrellas, furs and blankets and hid its collective head in resigned defeat.

Some villages, like humans, are born insane, acquire insanity or have insanity thrust upon them. Carmel had a heap of insanity thrust upon it the first few days of the past week in the wind and the rain and the cold—but, by all the gods, it was beautiful insanity. Carmel has looked upon many legs in its time, but none such legs as these, none so lovely and none so much of them.

Mrs. Gertrude Wall, Potter Exceptional Moves Among Us And On

Mrs. Gertrude Wall, potter extraordinary, stopped off in Carmel this week and collected her friend, Miss Flora Gifford, and went on in a southerly direction.

Mrs. Wall is not only a potter of distinction and a person of charm but a philosopher of parts. Carmel need not be reminded of her outstanding position in the field of ceramic art; nor that she is as able a teacher and general exponent of her work as any about; nor that she is a leading authority on the history of Pots. But we got an interesting slant on the effect that making fingertip pottery has had on her outlook on life and that kind of thing is forever news.

"Working with your fingers keeps you close to the simple," she said. "And clay is particularly conducible to this end. You feel a shape with your fingers. And from that you learn to feel color as well.

"About the position of America in ceramics? As in all forms of art, she is doing the leading things today. They have not yet amalgamated into a form. Focus is what we need. And vision—the freedom from commercialism to exercise our vision.

"Simple living and time on your hands—time for your hands—is what we need in America."

We asked her why the focus for the American School of Ceramics should not be right here in this community. The idea caught her fancy. She is coming back to think it over.

"Oh dear, I always leave things behind me," she said, grabbing her coat off our hooks. But it was more than her coat that she left.

NEW MACBETH SHOP OPENS TO PUBLIC TOMORROW

The new Macbeth shop will open to the public tomorrow. If you read what we said about it last week, you may be interested to know that Tony is fixing that upstairs room to our suggested specifications—more or less. Whatever you do, don't gape without keeping one eye on the ground. There's a pool. And having been immersed in the Baptist Church once ourself in Easter weather, we can say it isn't a thing to do without premeditation.

We expect a good deal of you, Mr. Macbeth, what with your increased stature in our village. We expect, among other things, that you will have a copy of the Kalevala in your library and also one of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Collected Legal Papers." As well as what the world is Thinking about Ichthyology, Parthenogenesis and the Unidirectional Ribbon.

And we expect you to lend your place now and then.

Dear Linda:

We did you a kind deed the other day, and said we thought it was going to be pleasant or something to have you stay on at Tony's new shop. We ask you right out loud now, why you didn't tell us about personal and sartorial grace to the Peter, your spouse, and his connection with the House of Macbeth? We have seen Peter, and if we were in circulation at the moment, you'd pay for this, you woman you.

(Signed) THE OTHER LYNDA

+ + +

DR. MAC DOUGAL ATTENDS TREE CONFERENCE WITH MAYOR SMITH

Dr. D. T. MacDougal, director of the Carnegie Coastal Laboratory in Carmel, and Mayor Everett Smith, are in attendance at the meetings of the sessions of the Western Shade Tree Conference at Santa Barbara which opened yesterday and extend through today. The meetings were opened with a paper by Dr. MacDougal on "Growth Control Substances in Trees." The address at the annual dinner today will be made by Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, president of Stanford University, on "The Importance of Trees in California."

HOT BISCUITS
that are REAL food at
Ella's Southern Kitchen
DOLORES NEAR SEVENTH
Special Menus on Request
Serving hours 12-2, 5:30-8

Firemen Thrilled By Overmantle For New Home

When Burton Boundey, supervisor of the Carmel Federal Art Project, presented the new design of an overmantle for the new firehouse to the monthly meeting of the volunteer firemen there was a wild burst of enthusiasm and approval. The men were so anxious to have the art work in their recreation room that they volunteered to dig down in their own pockets in the event that the city could not find the means so to beautify the building. Regional Director Joseph A. Danysh brought the sketch with him on his recent visit to Carmel.

Mrs. Amilie Waldo, assistant superintendent of the Art Project, said that it was difficult to describe the charm and vitality and humor of the sketch but that it was reminiscent of the Early American period somewhat like a Currier and Ives print. The subject matter includes a burning building and an old type fire engine with a pair of prancing horses.

The composition will be a bas relief, two and a half feet high and five and a half feet long and will be placed directly over the big fireplace at the end of the room. Using a medium of bright copper, the panel will be further set off by two hanging fixtures which have been created by a local artist, Otto Koehler. Mr. Koehler has designed and executed in copper a pair of hanging lamps in elaborate relief using a theme of oak leaves and acorns. These will be placed in position in another week or so.

+ + +

". . . But I am not here to quote Mr. Jeffers. That will be done more and more often in essay and review, as he rises with the years to his full poetic stature. It pleases me rather to say that I think him the most fortunate of men—a great poet, of invincible health, comparatively young, a Greek in face and form, happily and conclusively married and the father of two delightfully interesting and physically perfect boys, twins of nine! Add to that that he does not have to worry over finances, and you can see that the gods have for once gone out of their way to show what they could do for us all were they so minded."

—*Sterling on Jeffers, in* THE CYMBAL, June 15, 1926.

WHITE CAPS ON THE RADIO WAVES

KGO: This morning at 11 o'clock. Easter program.

KSFO: This evening at 7 o'clock. Stokowsky directing the Philadelphia Orchestra in an Easter program.

KGO: This evening at 8 o'clock. Chicago Symphony.

KSFO: Tomorrow morning at 8:30 o'clock. Cincinnati Conservatory.

KPO: Tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock. Abram Chasins, pianist.

KGO: Tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock. Metropolitan Opera, "Lohengrin" with Kirsten Flagstad.

KFRC: Tomorrow evening at 6:15 o'clock. Chicago Symphony in special program lasting an hour and a half.

KGO: Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Magic Key, with Elizabeth Rethberg.

KSFO: Sunday at noon. New York Philharmonic, Rodzinski directing an Easter program, with third act of "Parsifal."

KPO: Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. General Motors presents Kirsten Flagstad.

KGO: Tuesday morning at 10:45 o'clock. Rochester Civic Orchestra.

KGO: Tuesday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock. Music of the Masters, fine selection of unusual and rare records.

KPO: Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock. Music Guild.

KGO: Thursday afternoon at 5:30 o'clock. Rochester Civic Orchestra.

KPO: Thursday evening at 8:15. San Francisco Orchestra directed by Pierre Monteux.

DAILY
MILK DELIVERY
CALL CARMEL 700
Prompt, Efficient, Courteous Service
Mc DONALD DAIRY
Gene Ricketts is the Sole Owner

Easter Lilies
POTTED
$1.00 and up
+
AVAILABLE FROM TODAY UNTIL SUPPLY IS EXHAUSTED
Nielsen Bros. Grocery
DOLORES STREET
Telephone 964

Del Monte Fashion Show Had Some Somewhat Ga-Ga

It was an impressive, well-staged fashion show Magnin's put on at Del Monte last Friday night. Femininity turned out in close formation to view the dresses. Husbands and escorts, who were persuaded or dragged to the spectacle, found it more enjoyable than they had anticipated, and were quite content to contemplate and speculate on the inner content of the various models displayed.

There were some extra-voluptuous negligees, guaranteed to tempt even the most cloistered ascetic to steal forth from his cell, his mind a seething mass of primeval, predatory urges.

Some very tricky ideas in bathing and sun suits were also on view, the latter with removable skirts, removable blouses, removable almost everything . . . It was at this point that several of the more impressionable patrons conducted themselves in a manner better in keeping with the traditions of Minsky's burlesque than with those of the ever-decorous Del Monte grill.

The street clothes were smart, although the hats were only recognizable as such because they were worn discreetly on the head. Even so, many of them gave the illusion of having been previously sat upon.

The latest in hand bags is a huge affair, worn suspended by a long, leather strap over the left shoulder. One could carry thousands of dollars worth of "mad money" therein. Pre-supposing only that one were financially flush, and that modern girls attained such a degree of "madness."

Almost anyone could have "delusions of grandeur" in a Magnin evening gown! Particularly a model in rose with a long cape of wine-colored chiffon.

Lots of flowers and lace are favorites for summer evenings.

The show ended with a parade of fur capes for formal wear, and a terrific flurry of white ermine for the finale.

Our friend, Freddie Nagel, should also be congratulated for his accompanying music, announcements, and the alert tempo maintained throughout.

\+ + +

THREE NIECES ARE VISITING PAUL FLANDERS HOME

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Flanders of Hatton Fields are enjoying the visits of three charming nieces. Miss Jean Clark whose home is in Chicago is taking advantage of the Easter vacation at Mills College to visit the shops and see the sights. Miss Happy Whyte will be with her uncle for six weeks. Miss Whyte's home is in Wisconsin. She entertained her friends at a cocktail party last Sunday and later went to the Lodge for dinner and dancing. Her guests included Jean Clark, Nadine Fox, Tommy Hooper, Carl Von Saltza, Gordon Campbell and Ray Burns.

Miss Jacqueline Flanders is also a guest of her uncle's and is excitedly making preparations for her forthcoming marriage to Lieutenant William Culp at the Stanford Chapel next June.

A STORM

When the sea lashes against the rocks
And the white foam dances high
The rain patters like a thousand clocks
Ticking way up in the sky
While the thunder roars in its mighty voice
And the sky is filled with the lightning's glare
All the creatures hide for they have no choice
With the gray seas lashing everywhere
The wind blows wild o'er land and sea
With destruction in its path
And the trees sway in agony
From the storm in all its wrath.

—PANTHEA*

**Panthea, whose family name is Ley, is 11 years old and a pupil in the sixth grade in Sunset School.*

Bakersfield Wild Flower Display Is Grand, Says Automobile Club

The following report on roads open and closed, and interesting sights available to those who take advantage of opportunities afforded by the gasoline engine is provided THE CYMBAL by the National Automobile Club:

Auburn—Reno road: Cars getting through without difficulty. Chains not necessary. About 70 inches of snow in the pack around Donner lake.

Truckee—Tahoe City—Meeks road: Open without chains.

Tahoe City—Brockway—Nevada line: Open without chains.

Carson City to Southern end of Lake Tahoe: Nevada Highway Department has cut through the ice and snow; but road is not yet open.

Truckee—Hobart Mills: Travel making Hobart without difficulty.

Oroville-Quincy road: Still closed and likely to be closed for several weeks.

Yuba Pass: Closed beyond Sierra City.

RUMSEY ROAD CLOSED TO TRAVEL

The Rumsey road to the Williams-Clear Lake highway is closed, reports the Sacramento office. Until this route re-opens, traffic goes via Williams.

VALLEY WILD FLOWERS ARE GRAND

The wild flowers in the vicinity of Bakersfield and Shafter are now painting the countryside in brilliant hues, reports the Outing Department. Blue lupine, golden poppy, yellow daisy, orchid thistle, four o'clock—countless blooms are to be seen.

To reach the fields, go north on U. S. 99 from Bakersfield four miles, turn left on 7th Standard road, oiled dirt, for five miles.

SUBWAY PLANNED FOR STOCKTON

Plans and specifications for the proposed Wilson Way subway at East Taylor street on U. S. 99 in Stockton will be ready April 1, reports the Stockton office. Bids will be called for the four-lane, $325,000 subway on April 15.

WISTARIA FETE DATE ANNOUNCED

The gayest, most gorgeous of all of Sierra Madre's Wistaria Fetes will be formally opened on Saturday, March 27, when to the music of serenading troubadours the gates to the Scenic Point home of the world's largest and most famous vine will be thrown open to the public, according to information received by the Touring Department. The Fete will continue to April 18.

Enchanting as the festival has been in the past, it will be lovelier this year as the grounds have been enlarged and completely transformed. The old Fennel home about which the vine twined has given way to a huge white pergola which supports the trunk and main runners. Steel framework surrounding the pergola supports the lighter runners and branches allowing the blooming mass to drop through to form a perfect canopy of lavender beauty.

Paul Eliel Talks Here April 16

A board meeting of the League of Women Voters was held Wednesday afternoon at which time it was announced that the next luncheon meeting of the League will be held at Pine Inn at noon on Friday, April 16. Paul Eliel will speak on "The Meaning of Collective Bargaining." Mr. Eliel is Director of the Department of Industrial Relations at Stanford.

On the morning of that day, April 16, a business meeting of the entire membership of the League will be held at Pine Inn at 10:45. The nominating committee will give its report and election of 1937-39 officers will be held. Mrs. C. A. T. Cabaniss is chairman of this committee, serving with Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger, Mrs. Mary Hare, Miss Emma Waldvogel and Mrs. Currie.

The postponed group meeting that was to have been held on Wednesday of this week will be held at the home of Mrs. Guy Curtis on Wednesday, March 31. Miss Lydia Weld's committee on Government and Foreign Policy will conduct the discussion, the subject of which will be Health Insurance. There will be a speaker.

Packed House For Trudi Schoop

"The Blonde Marie," the ballet with which Trudi Schoop closes the winter series of the Carmel Music Society, is a story of wish fulfillment. Hazel Watrous, in a telegram to Mrs. Paul Flanders, wished for a full house at the Sunset Auditorium tomorrow night. A last look at the ticket situation as this goes to press shows another case of wish fulfillment. The excited telegram, which danced over the wires, follows:

"Saw Trudi Schoop in city. Most amusing entertainment, one continuous laugh with comedy, burlesque, satire, pantomime, dance, acting and pathos all in good taste. Sunset should be sold out for such a good show. Glad we chose 'Blonde Marie'."

\+ + +

CARMEL MAY SOON SEE SOME GRAND OPERA

There are rumors that Carmel will soon have some Grand Opera. Mme. Borghild Jansen is planning to present her pupils at the Sunset Auditorium in several acts from different operas including the first act of *Hansel and Gretel* and the second act of *Die Fledermaus*.

BUSINESS PROPERTY

for sale

Owner now occupying it desires to sell for $10,000.00. For full particulars inquire at Box Z2L Carmel Cymbal office

An unusually splendid opportunity for investment

WALT'S DAIRY

WHERE SMART PEOPLE SANDWICH

COME OVER TONIGHT!

DON'T MISS TONIGHT'S

Floor Show

No Cover Charge • Open Till 2 a. m.

KNOTTY PINE INN

296 LIGHTHOUSE AVENUE • NEW MONTEREY

Of course, you can dance every night

Traditionally famous for sea foods since 1907

Pop Ernest

Read what Dorothea Castelhun wrote about us

ADVENTURES IN EATING OUT

(*From* CARMEL CYMBAL, *Oct. 6, 1926*)
NO. 16

The nicest time to go to Pop Ernest's in Monterey is at noon on a sunny day. Then you may sit out of doors on the high veranda built right over the water, and eat your fish dinner with the blue bay and the little boats and the curve of the sandy shore and the distant hills spread out before you! On the next wharf swarthy fishermen are hauling up a brown net . . . there is the swish of waves up over the rocks and sand just below and behind you . . . and dipping and wheeling and gliding over the surface of the water a flock of wide-winged sea gulls, flashing the sunshine back from their restless movements.

The waiter brings you rich creamy hot abalone chowder in a huge abalone shell, as big as a real soup plate. (Privately we think this is one of the few legitimate uses of the ornamental abalone in the house!) Then you may take your choice of half a dozen different fish delicacies headed, of course, by "fried abalone." And nowhere is the famous abalone quite so tender and mouth-melting as at Pop Ernest's, nowhere are the big golden-brown disks cooked with more flavorsome skill! With your order comes a dish of crisp French fried potatoes and more slices of delicious fresh French bread than you can possibly eat. Be sure to take your appetite with you when you go to Pop Ernest's for you will want to eat a man-size meal!

Of course, if you go in the evening, there are the collection of marine museum pieces around the fireplace and the painting over the mantel of the lighthouse which sends out a beam of real light—these take the place of the outdoor scene of a meal in the day-time. —D. C.

...and what we were then—we are today!

Pop Ernest

OPPOSITE THE CUSTOMS HOUSE AT HEAD OF FISHERMAN'S WHARF MONTEREY

All kinds of sea foods in season

ESTABLISHED MAY 11, 1926
Vol. 6 No. 13
March 26, 1937
Published every Friday by
THE CARMEL PRESS, INC.
E. A. H. Watson, Pres.
A. P. Halsey, Vice-Pres.
Seventh and San Carlos Streets
P. O. Box 1800 • Telephone 77
Ocean Avenue Office: Ocean Avenue, (south side) near San Carlos.
$1 a year
Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Carmel, Calif., under the act of March 3, 1879
W. K. BASSETT, Editor

Mrs. Court Arne Has Left Us

A beautifully gentle and gently beautiful woman left Carmel the past week. Mrs. Courtland J. Arne died at the home of her mother, Mrs. Ida LaBree, in Salinas. Following funeral services there yesterday the body was cremated.

Mrs. Arne was born Annette Ruth Collins 50 years ago last October. She died at 2:30 o'clock last Tuesday morning following a stroke a few hours previous. She had been ill for several years.

Annette Collins left Salinas one morning in 1906 in company with Courtland J. Arne. They were on their way to Carmel where Arne had built a house for them and established himself as the village's first barber in a tent on Ocean avenue next to what is now the Bank of Carmel. On the way they stopped at Monterey long enough to get married. Then they came to the new home which is now known as the Rask cottage on Lincoln street.

Since that day they have lived here and both of them have had more genuine love of the people of this city than any other two residents.

Mrs. Arne was Carmel's first telephone operator. She was the lone "Central" for several years. Then she went into the grocery store run by the four Leidig brothers at San Carlos and Ocean avenue and when Bob, our present fire chief, drew out of the concern and conducted a hardware store, he took Mrs. Arne with him. After a few years there Mrs. Arne became the clerk at Slevin's and remained there up until four years ago when her health demanded that she stop work.

Besides her husband, Mrs. Arne leaves two daughters, Myrtle, who is Mrs. E. V. White of Pacific Grove, and on the staff at the Bank of Carmel, and Evelyn, who is Mrs. L. B. Frisbie of San Francisco.

\+ + +

ALFRED LANDON IS ABOUT TO HAVE KITTENS

Virginia Caldwell Scardigli, who, as we have said, works for us now, has a cat. It is named Alfred Landon because it arrived one day while Virginia was listening to the proceedings of the Republican convention while sick in bed. (Virginia sick, not the con—Come to think of it, the convention, too.) Alfred the cat shouldn't have been named that as it is now demonstrating. It is going to have kittens. If there are only two they will be named Maine and Vermont. If more than two they won't be counted. They can't be counted.

\+ + +

NURSES PLAN DANCE HERE ON APRIL 3

A post-Lenten dance and buffet supper will be given by the Monterey County Nurses Association at the Carmel Legion club house, Saturday evening, April 3.

Allen Knight's orchestra will furnish the swing and a special prize will be given during the evening. Invitations may be obtained from members of the Association. Those in charge of the affair are Mrs. George Rector, Mrs. William Muscutt, Miss Jean Elliott, Miss Margaret Schneider and Miss Elizabeth Kynaston.

This Schafer Bird Who Did The Cut On Page One

This guy Ben Schafer who did the breathtaking linoleum block on the first page of this here CYMBAL is just the slightest bit crazy. He says he was born in a log cabin like Lincoln and on November 30 like Mark Twain. It happens, or happened, that on the November 30 which birthed him, also fell Thanksgiving that year—not very many years ago, about 26, or something like that.

Schafer asks us to make no statements about him he can't live up to or live down. He says that living up to his birth date, and what it is, forced upon him too much effort so he decided merely to relax. He does. Or he has tried, but people and things have intervened to an extent that has forced him into strange and bewildering activities. He once worked in a steel mill and was on a run or two as a street car conductor. He was never, unfortunately, a bartender.

He has had drawings in *Judge*, *College Humor*, the *Baltimore Sun*, *Washington Herald*, *Chicagoan* and so forth. He has fed gags to the *New Yorker*, *Esquire* and the *Chicagoan*. He was on the staff of the *Chicagoan* at the time of its demise. He denies killing it. He was assistant editor of what he calls the "ill-cast" *Aperitif*. It died, too. There may be something significant about this.

He has written light verse and worse for the *Chicago Tribune*, Hearst's *March of Events* Page and the *Morgantown, W.Va. Post*. He insisted that this be mentioned. He was born in Morgantown.

He is violently opposed to all erratic hurry and high pressure stuff of any kind and scared to death of words and women. He explains his inspiration for such things as he has done for THE CYMBAL as sheer (as in hose) genius.

We think he has never manifested his genius more definitely than in this linoleum cut on page one. It has us gasping.

You may be interested in the announcement we herewith make that it is to be printed on special paper as it is in THE CYMBAL and made available to you at the Carmel and San Francisco stores. You will have to pay 50 cents for it and you will be lucky if you do.

\+ + +

KEVIN WALLACE, CHRONICLE'S VERSIFIER, IN TOWN

Kevin Wallace, the *Chronicle's* newly-discovered young versifier, is in Carmel for Easter vacation.

By Kevin's own admission, he is a proselyte to the "health, mind and body" cult: he spends his mornings pulling an oar in the varsity galley, his afternoons in intellectual endeavor, his early evenings in carefully restricted dissipation, and just before he pops into his chaste little bed, one of his classic "Lim-panels" miraculously occurs to him and is forthwith dispatched to the anxiously awaiting *Chronicle*.

CLANGING CYMBALS

It is Easter week and the earth is in its resurgence. We walk in memory beside our Mother, the exact nature of whose religion was never known to us, but whose tenet of re-creation was constant and faithful. The dead she left to death, forever finding them again in new births, in forms new sprung from the earth of which she was so much a part. At Easter time the splendid fresh sun and the dichotomous moon, hung over her rejuvenant world—her rosebushes just showing lavendar with sap, her cows great with calf, her cat tucked down in the chimney corner with its kittens, one green grass blade under the shelter of the porch, herself with child. Neither sickness nor impoverishment of any sort were in her nature. So fresh she was, so constantly reborn, that she might, herself, have said, in the manner of Correggio, "I, too, am the Resurrection and the Life."

\+

Speaking of people who talk out loud, we came up behind Bruce the other day, pacing the decks of Montgomery Ward's, muttering audibly: "The body of a truck driver and the pan of a sole." Over and over.

\+

Our job is mighty amusing. It leads us hither and yon, across meadows and into alleys; along concrete highways and down into a gulch now and then. Lands us up places. The other day we went over to see Florence Hefling's Early American glass, at the Whatnot, and landed smack up against an old memory.

Funny, we hadn't thought of this for years. But the sight of a Tear Drop and Tassel water pitcher and an old pickle boat took us right back to Thanksgiving in the Mink Hills 30 years ago. That year, we were allowed for the first time to sat Grammie Goodwin's table. Since there were always 20 to 40 of us to dinner, that was no mean task—especially as Grandmother was practically hysterical about her dishes. On the red-and-white checked tablecloth, we put, first, the thin old silver. That must be exactly two inches from the edge of the table and we were provided with a foot ruler to measure it. Then five celery vases, all a-sparkle, from polishing with soapy water, and the three company castor sets. In between these, the spoonholders. Then, scattered about artistically, jars for piccalilli, canoes for the big cucumber pickles and four covered butter dishes. At the tip of the longest fork, the bone dishes. And, last of all, the ruby goblets.

After that, with Grammie's jealous eye upon us, we climbed on a chair and brought down the vegetable nappies, the sauce dishes, the creamers and lovely, graceful milk pitchers, and placed them reverently on the sideboard.

We tell you, it gave us a start to realize, after 30 years, that we were handling a budding fortune that day. But Mrs. Hefling says we were, so there. It gave us even more of a start to think of them gathering dust up there in the dishcupboard in Henniker, this very minute.

Not the least interesting phase of this stint of ours, is digging up bits of history. About American glass, for instance. We came across a letter which we give you here: dated, London, 1608, from His Majesty's Council of Virginia to the Corporation of Plymouth.

"We have sent 100 men, . . . (to James Towne) . . . from whom we have assurance of a most fruitful country for the mayntenance of a man's life and abundant in rich Commodities, safe from any danger of Salvages or other ruin that may threaten us if we joyne freely together and with one common and patient purse, maintain and perfect our foundations. The stable and certain Commodities we have are soap-ashes, pitch, tarre, dyes of sundry sorts and rich values, timber for all uses, fishing for sturgeon . . . making of glasse . . . "

This, of course, was blown glass, for manufacture of which, "German and Poleland glasse-men" were imported. Mrs. Hefling goes in, rather, for pressed glass, which came later, although she has some blown glass, with the pontil marks and all.

The pressed glass is made in moulds, sometimes of brass, other times of iron. The art of pressing glass was one of those things the ancient Egyptians knew all about and then hid. It was only a century or so ago that Yankee ingenuity up and thumbed its nose at antiquity and began successfully to imitate it.

You will really like browsing about the Whatnot, and identifying the pattern names of some of the things you probably have tucked away in a cupboard, or even on your own whatnot. We recognized the sawtooth butter dish and the old Hobnail pitcher. Our pickle dish, we think, is a Daisy and Button design. We remember, tactilely, the Panel and Pleat saucedish, the stippling felt so good to the fingertips, as Grammie's sauce tasted so good to the last drop.

There are two lovely Lady Windermere fans that should be carried with one of Anna Katz' evening organzas, and an amiable little oddity of a seahorse perfume bottle. This trinket was carried inside the glove, with hartshorn. We could use that, filled with Hermes No. 1, and carried with Janet Prentiss' little birdie of a seahorse pique jacket.

The apothecary jars reminded us of many things. For instance, of the Dr. Pare, who wrote, "Being at Turin, I found a surgeon who was famous above all for good treatment of gunshot wounds. At last, by gifts and presents, he gave (the recipe) to me, which was to boil in oil of lillies, little puppies just born, with earthworms prepared with Venetian turpentine."

There is a sad side to our work. Trailing home after our pleasant visit to Mrs. Hefling, we realized that the only glass we possess, here and now, are a dozen or so assorted Kraft Limburgers, Star pattern, 1937; and one jug, Grapeleaf design, Late Florence Leidig.

\+

This is the House that Jung built.

TELEPHONE CARMEL 167
Rentals · Sales
PHILIP WILSON
JR.
Real Estate
PHILIP WILSON CORNER DOLORES AND OCEAN

THE BLUE BIRD
BREAKFAST · LUNCHEON · DINNER
DINNER 85¢
M. C. SAMPSON TELEPHONE 161

AH! a specialty WITH US!
FRIED FISH
and . . . CHIPS!
DINNER
OUR CONEY ISLAND CLAM CHOWDER IS GRAND
and . . . a spiffy tap room
SADE'S
CARMEL-ETA INN

Hot Cross Buns
for
TODAY
AND BAKERY GOODS THAT HAVE MADE OUR REPUTATION
Carmel Bakery
OCEAN AVENUE

NOW 40 IN CARMEL MEANS TAXI!
Telephone 40 and experience real Taxi Service DAY or NIGHT
Authorized Greyhound Information

You know, that gang, Jung and Freud and Adler. Started in life as a wrecking crew and now seem to have got into the building racket. We were taken to see the house by a friend of ours who told us all about how it's done. In the case of this one, for instance; a man—shall we call him Mr. Terwilliger Twiss—(and why not?) looking over the assorted Twisses one day, decided that the Twiss house was somehow wrong for the Twisses. Having taken Psychology 1A and 1C in college and, it is more than probable, having heard Dr. L. Cody Marsh so that it all came back to him, and more, too, he suddenly knew that a man's dwelling place should consist with a man's whole, round self—his psyche and so forth, you know. And that of his wife, and his maidservant and his ox and his ass. So Terwilliger clapped his hands and summoned forth an architect. But no mere architect, you understand. An architect who, also, had taken Psychologies A and C and had heard the erudite Dr. Marsh. This psycharchitect came and sat down at the Twiss board and hung his toothbrush alongside the Twiss brushes and flicked his ashes with the Twisses. We understand that he rather twipped the Twisses in his efforts the better to understand their natures. Went about tearing holes in things and giving the kids a chance to be pyromaniacs if that was their bent. There is absolutely nothing like having a room for children to set fires in if they're going to set fires anyway. You know that. We even imagine he tried to take advantage of Mama Twiss when Papa Twiss was away. Naturally he had to know about exits and that sort of thing.

Anyway, only the foundation is up now. But we did have fun deducing the Twisses from this foundation. It seems that practically the whole family is heliophillic, which is a good thing. There are to be no rooms without four exposures. Personally, we should loathe this arrangement, as any psycharchitect would soon learn from following us from room to room in search of phrases just around the corner. But, la! this isn't our house. There is one Twiss who must be a light-shunner, for his is an underground apartment reached by a tortuous, narrow corridor. This may be a sort of premature Twiss, in need of incubation before he graduates on to one of the higher planes. For the Twisses are not going to live on one plane. There are side-hill rooms and rooms on a wind-swept eminence. Whether this is because the Twisses are just naturally on different levels or simply for peeping purposes, we can't find out.

The real mystery is the underground passage plan. The house sort of splays itself down a hill and in the side of the hill, where the driveway goes through, a small cliff has been chopped. In this cliff are holes; passages that lead to the house. There is one gargantuous opening round and frank and looking like a jolly sort of chute out of which a Twiss might pop at any moment now. An irregularly triangular one aroused our suspicions and the flat, ovular, belly-bump opening was too much for our pedestrian imagination and our utter ignorance of psyarchitecture. As soon as the Twisses move in we intend taking some sandwiches and going up there to watch those holes—just like a cat, you know. We want to see who comes out of the big round one. Knowing, as we do, the kind of man who remembers Psychologies A and C, we are laying all our bets on Mama Twiss.

—Lynda Sargent

CARMEL CAPERS

Our life and that of our dear editor has been rendered practically unsupportable by small people who consider the appearance of their small names in print a matter of most vital import, and who react unfavorably to the publicity we have seen fit freely to grant them.

In today's column we eliminate all proper names and declarative statements that might be construed as in any sense derogatory and leave it to our patient little readers to interpret the following paragraphs exactly in accordance with their own desires:

+

What was the source of the drear and dreadful sounds emanating from the Bali room last Thursday night?

Could it have been:

1. Echoes of the internecine war in Spain?
2. Repercussions from the perennial rutting being conducted on seal rock?
3. Static caused by the big monthly get-together and "doings" of the Salinas lettuce growers?

We thought we detected the strains of such new and daring selections as "Hail, Hail," "Smiles," and "Till We Meet Again." But then again, maybe we were mistaken. We were just sitting in the Bali room with an old friend trying to get dinner, and we really have no ear for music . . . Must have been the seals.

+

We met a "Professional Wrecker" the other day. In other words, a gentleman who guarantees to reduce to an utter shambles any given residence on payment of a small recompense. We have pledged ourselves not to deal with actual personalities, so you may all get your pencils and supply the names of at least four of your own dear friends who have been known, not infrequently, to perform the same service free of charge.

+

Speaking of professionals: There are also the "Professional Listeners" who advertise in the papers. They will listen to anyone's troubles for two dollars an hour. We've unwillingly given them amateur competition for years. And the Hired (not higher) Intellectuals who will always permit one to witness the revolutions of their vast mental machinery for the very reasonable consideration of a free meal.

+

Is it in consideration of the auspicious condition of her small dog that a certain lady runs about town in a "delivery wagon"?

+

A much loved and admired member of the landed classes, who has long made his home in the South, was seen about his old haunts over last week-end, and effusively greeted by his many friends.

So deeply was he touched by the warmth of the welcome accorded him, his eyes were glazed—some say with tears.

+

That pale and evanescent shadow, which passes like a sombre cloud across one's line of vision, is all that now remains of Carmel's erstwhile scourge and play-boy, after a night spent giving his all to render memorable the week-end spent in Del Monte by ten of Magnin's lushest mannequins.

On behalf of Magnin's and Carmel's manhood (who appear regrettably delinquent in these little courtesies) we thank him. And if it be too late for verbal expressions of gratitude, we know just the stonecutter to grave these charming sentiments enduringly in marble.

+

We were informed by a breathless waiter who pursued us into the Del Monte tap room with a check, that this a regular prescribed procedure when anyone vacates his table in the Bali room and fails to leave behind some valued personal possession. Could one possibly arrange with the management to leave one's mother-in-law, the house cat, per chance, or even that lovely new bridge-lamp bequeathed one by dear, departed aunt Clara?

+

We aborigines and oldsters, who shamble slowly o'er the village streets, close-wrapped and shivering in our wintry vestments, are more than a little depressed by the swarms of bare-legged youths and Amazons, who, having planned an Easter vacation spent in shorts on the beach, proceed resolutely to execute their plans, regardless of sun or sleet.

—Libby Ley

DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS

Bingo Cobb caused great excitement on Ocean avenue the other day when, in his exuberance while playing with some young friends, he ran into a fence and injured his leg. He emitted loud and lusty cries and howls which brought all the shopkeepers in the neighborhood as well as the shoppers who were relieved to find that Bingo's howls were worse than his hurts.

+

A police dog who takes her duty seriously is Rinna Kennedy. (Rinna for Rin-tin-tin, her ancestor.) She is acting as bodyguard to Annie Laurie Kendall, of the railroad Kendalls, whose favorite pastime is running away and hiding from Rinna—but Rinna always gets her Annie. Both girls are visiting Miss Grace Caplin in Carmel.

+

Even the atomic Chuck-A-Luck Laney has felt the call of Spring. Chucky, who is usually such a stay-at-home, left his house at 9 o'clock the other evening and returned at exactly 7 minutes after three with no explanation as to whether he had been meandering or philandering.

+

Incidentally Chuck Laney's best friend is Maikai Ganser (his name means "Good Luck" in Hawaiian, he says) who, mistress Mrs. Rita Ganser claims is the only dog in the village with plush ears. They are thick and soft like a teddy bear's.

+

Canine in Lapis, also known as "Here Now," is the latest addition to the Don Blanding-Scott Creager menage. He is a blue-eyed, blue-haired Australian sheepdog. This very young fellow (he is a month old) resembles the well known Blue Askew. Lapis was a gift to the poetic pair from Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Baudette of the *Californian*, and is the acme of indulgence of their passion for the "couleur bleu."

+ + +

Mr. Homer Skehan, his wife and mother and sister, Norma, trailed down to see Kelly in their new hitch-upable bus wagon only to discover that Kelly was out on round-up. (Whatever it is Kelly rounds up.) There is a rumor they are coming back, however.

If . . .
You haven't been in
Whitney's
You haven't "DONE"
CARMEL
+
In the heart of the village . . . in more ways than one
+
BREAKFAST • LUNCH
DINNER
Liquor . . . if you like

EASTER LILIES
Beautiful blooms from
JEWELL'S FLOWER SHOP
on sale at
ESPINOLAS
CARMEL
All kinds of cut flowers at Jewell's
567 Lighthouse Avenue
Pacific Grove

YOUR GARDEN
also needs dressing up!
NOW IS THE TIME TO BEGIN
We have all the tools you need
GARDEN TOOLS FROM.....15c TO $2.00
LAWN MOWERS FROM.....$7.50 TO $19.50
HOSE (25 FEET) FROM.....$2.50 TO $7.50
BOSTON ADJUSTABLE NOZZLES.....75c
All kinds of grass and flower seed
CARMEL HARDWARE COMPANY
DOLORES STREET NEAR SEVENTH
TELEPHONE 463
Read Bassett's silly little story about how we deliver anywhere in the United States—silly, but true

New School For Drama Up Carmel Valley Way—And Other Promises

Here we are again, in the role of Master of Ceremonies. This time, it gives us great pleasure to introduce Marion Meredith, late of San Francisco and New York; later still (and at present) of Philip Wilon, Jr's. Real Estate office and most recently of all, of Marion Meredith, Ltd., Carmel Valley—impresario of the new School for the Drama, Puppetry and Dance, which is opening up on Phil's slick little piece of property up there in the sunlight at the foot of Vasquez Nob.

For a couple of years now, we have watched the growth of Phil's adventure. When we first got acquainted with it, it looked all chock full of possibilities and it looks still fuller this minute. First, there is that barn. The kind of barn that has moved the Broadway theater to Vermont and New Hampshire for the summer. We all asked each other in one and the same breath—Why not a Little Theater just up our Valley a bit? It's a great big barny barn, where a stage is being built and where you can stand leaning against the ghost of a horse and watch the puppets of John and Mitzi or take lessons (not while you're leaning) in the Modern German Ballet. We have it on the best authority that all sorts of things are going on and that you may get any further information you want by addressing Marion Meredith, Ltd., at Box B. You can learn to make puppets and how to pull all the little strings; you're going to be able to have tea, or your hair done or sit under umbrellas and play bridge or take a studio and work.

Aside from the barn, you see, there is the house. In what was originally the main house of the ranch, Marion has done a lovely room in knotted pine, with plain pine tables just the size of bridge tables where, before you can say Jack Robinson, you are going to be able to have bridge parties and then sweep off the aces and jacks and be served exquisitely with tea and tidbits. Or you can call up and order tea and take your girl friend for a ride and sit there and tell her her cheeks are like the glow on the evening hills up San Francisquita way, that her eyes are pools of sunset green and that even when her hair is as gray as the distant fog down Carmel way, you will love her just the same. After the appropriate length of time, you can stroll outside and pick out a honeymoon cottage.

Or, you can vary the terrible Beauty Shop routine, by going up to the new La Bonita Beauty Shop in what was once the Ranch Milk House, and having your hair dried out on the patio. Call up your friends and have a Hairdress party—tea while you dry, or cards while you dry. Or solitude and the wide spaces while you dry. One of the twins will be there to do you.

These little fripperies are rather beside the main point of the project. And this is to develop a workshop, not only of the Dance and the Drama, but of the Crafts.

The plan, as we talked it over today, sounds a good bit like the MacDowell Colony to us, than which no more needful or delightful program could be worked out in keeping with the Carmel tradition. There, at Peterborough, are individual cottages, with a common eating hall. Hard work is the rule and only people qualified to turn out real contributions are admitted. The schedule is: breakfast at seven; everyone at work at eight; *no drones*; no communications, one worker with another, on the preises during the working day; luncheon brought to you in a basket; all work ceasing promptly at four in the afternoon. At dinner, and every other free moment, shop is talked madly. It is religiously to be hoped that Carmel Crafts, Inc., will be able to draw a group of people as highly calibrated artistically as any similar endeavor anywhere.

Suppose, then, you are a potter and want to establish a little kiln—or an enormous one, for that matter—and work all day in the sun, as potters should, and speak to your pots as your fingertips move. All about you are others, working. But no one comes in to smoke a cigarette and fuss your pot all up. Out of the long day it grows and out of the pink hills and purple crevices between. Then think about the eagerness to talk it all over at night, to see how Mitzi's Marionettes have grown and how many words have been pried loose from the cerebrum of the poet next door and what there is for supper. And what Johnnie has cooked up for the stage that night.

The rule will be simple living. The aim, to extend the fame of Carmel and its name for good works.

We remember the very elegant and rather snooty shop of Marion Meredith in one of New York's expensive bedrooms, New Rochelle. She has a business head, that girl, and also knows her art. She is a daughter of Clay Meredith Greene, you know, and has been around a bit.

Announcements of the Drama School are already out, and you can run down and talk to John Eaton, The Second, about it any day.

It's rather exciting, don't you think?

\+ + +

ANTOINETTE GAY COLLECTS HER MONTEREY TALES IN ATTRACTIVE FORMAT

In exceedingly attractive format, Antoinette Gay has collected the tales, traditions and legends of Old Monterey which have been printed from week to week in the *Monterey Trader*, the weekly she and her husband, Milus, so enthusiastically publish.

The little volume is entitled "Calle de Alvarado" and in it Mrs. Gay relates the stories which have been told to her, she says in her introduction, by old timers and descendants of Monterey pioneers. She has done quite a good job and appreciably added to the already numerous compilations of Old Monterey tales. Some of her stories are new and most of them, while old and oft-told, are treated in a sympathetic and intelligent manner. The little book is fittingly decorated with head and tail pieces done by Bruce Ariss.

One who is accustomed to Monterey is a bit confused by Mrs. Gay referring to Alvarado street as running "down" from Fisherman's Wharf. We can't think of it as doing anything but running "up." Too, if Mrs. Gay re-prints the booklet, we would suggest that she correct her spelling of liveliest and loveliest. They have a habit of annoying you without their first "e's."

Rector of Famous "Little Church" To Visit Here

The Rev. J. H. Randolph Ray, rector of the Church of the Transfiguration in New York City—the Little Church Around the Corner—is coming to California with his wife and daughter, Kathryna, the week after Easter. They will visit in Twenty-Nine Palms for a few days and then come to Carmel for a short visit.

Mrs. Ray is the sister of Major H. L. Watson and Eugene A. H. Watson and both she and her husband and Kathryna will probably stay with the latter while in Carmel.

\+ + +

Graham Dancers Here April 10

A dance recital as thrilling as can be seen on the stage is that which Martha Graham and her Dance Group is giving in Sunset Auditorium, on the evening of April 10, under the Denny-Watrous management.

The Martha Graham Dance Group is composed of Martha Graham herself and 12 young American girls. Music is under the direction of that veteran authority on music for the dance—Louis Horst, as any of the dancers. Wood winds, as any of the dancers. Wood winds, brass and percussion are used to make the dance music, instruments which seem an integral part of the dance and not extraneous to it, as so often happens.

According to Martha Graham, America has a characteristically percussive beat, a rhythmic richness and excitement from rhythmic interplay rather than a richness of melodic line. The modern dance in America began with Isadora Duncan and Ruth St. Denis. Martha Graham and her Dance Group are the contemporary expression.

\+ + +

"I don't object to this Sunkist label except when they put it on a can of tuna fish and then I don't believe it." —THE CYMBAL, June 15, 1926.

Just A Little Something About Henry Dickinson's Pottery Show

We are a firm believer in inverse example, our favorite precept being "watch mother and do otherwise." We also hold that nocturnal dissipation is one of the few compensations of maturity.

We were endeavoring firmly, and in accordance with the views above expressed, to dispose of our youngest, unmarried daughter for the night, when it suddenly occurred to us that our friend, Henry Dickinson, was scheduled to have an exhibition of his pottery at Tilly Polak's.

Being a woman of action, we immediately took down the 'phone and called Henry's house. Being also a woman of great originality of expression, when a male voice answered, we said, in our own inimitable way, "Hello, is this Henry?" The male voice said, "Yes, who is this?" "This," said we, still on our mettle, "is THE CYMBAL's prize reporter, and we want to know what to say about you in our next sensational edition."

"This," said the voice, "is Henry senior, and you may say that Henry, junior, has naturally, and in the fortuitous course of things-as-they-are, inherited some of the fine, paternal characteristics and virtues, but not enough of them."

Permit us to say, entirely on our own, and free of charge, that we, personally, are of the opinion that any more virtues in a man of Henry's years would be burdensome; and if he should wish to add to their number, when he has reached the age of his father, that will be distinctly no concern of ours. Besides we shall probably have long since lost all interest in virtues. And, tragic eventuality! Even in vices.

But enough of such idle, though sententious philosophizing. Let us return to the interview:

Strangely enough, and by the most happy coincidence, we then emerged from the nursery to find Henry ensconced in our living room in company with several other deep-dyed habitues.

"So," says we, producing impressively our journalistic pencil, and searching deftly through the fire for a piece of paper, "how about this blankety-blank exhibit of yours? And do you think it good taste to be quietly sitting in this evil den wherein we try to make our home, whilst we 'phone you all over hell-and-gone and conduct deep and revealing conversations with your paternal progenitor?"

"Well," says Henry, jumping into the breach, "I specialize in pottery made on the pottery wheel. There will be lots of large bowls, and hand-made cups and plates."

"Why," says we, being an old hand at this business of interviewing, and secretly far more interested in the sordidly personal than in the business of pottery, "Why," says we, "is your father so loquacious?"

"It's his birthday," says Henry, "and we've been celebrating."

Whereupon Henry very sweetly took me to the movies. And if this interview has suffered by being written at 12 M. instead of 9 p.m., he has only himself to blame.

We must add that Phil Nesbitt called one afternoon, and when we asked where he had been all day, volunteered nothing but the cryptic bit of information that he and Henry had been "trying to make a gnu." We can only add to this injudicious revelation the fact that the gnu is to be of pottery with a very deep blue glaze and we do fervently hope it will be in good condition for the exhibit, which commenced on Wednesday, and which we counsel you all to attend because Henry does very nice potting indeed! —L. L.

\+ + +

"The 'masterpiece' of the new Del Monte murals is the 'Point Lobos Cypress' by Francis McComas." —Gene Hailey in THE CYMBAL, July 20, 1926.

RENTAL • REPAIRING
of
all makes of
TYPEWRITERS

Ask for a trial of the
new
portable machine

Peninsula Typewriter Exchange
Office Equipment
371 Alvarado Street
Telephone 3294

CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY
presents
TRUDI SCHOOP COMIC BALLET
TOMORROW NIGHT • SUNSET AUDITORIUM • 8:30

Quite a beautiful
IDEA
For Easter
FLORAL CANDLES
18 inches long
to stick in the frog—in a bowl of flowers — AND LIGHT! In half a dozen colors and shades

Also regular tapering candles to replenish your sticks

Scores of colors and lengths from 5 to 10 cents each

Nielsen Bros.
Grocery
DOLORES *bet.* SEVENTH & EIGHTH
TELEPHONE 964
[MEAT MARKET IN CONNECTION]

Do You Suppose Our Children Will Ever Have The Thrill Such As Carrie Hazeltine Had?

It was always a very special, best-Sunday-dress sort of occasion when little ten-year-old Carrie Hazeltine was taken to spend the day in Allston. Mother's cousin—Carrie called her "Aunt Sarah" until she found out to her surprise that the name was really "Seraph"—was married to Massachusetts State Senator Pond, and that in itself set the household definitely apart from the common garden variety of homes. Their house was a glamorous, if slightly awe-inspiring place to little Carrie.

But nothing in the whole grand dwelling held her heart with such a thrill of passionate devotion as the library. Imagine the richness of a room filled with books and containing big comfortable easy chairs in the depths of which an omnivorous bookworm could curl up and feast gloriously! The fact that she was allowed to entertain herself undisturbed certainly proves that the Senator's family was of superior calibre.

On this particular day of which we are telling, way back in 1868, one of the Senator's sons, Joseph, Junior, a young man who was surely the embodiment of all the virtues, distinguished himself forever in the eyes and heart of grateful ten-year-old Carrie. Perhaps Joseph, Jr., didn't make the early morning trip to nearby Boston solely to buy the young guest the latest girls' book, but nothing else he did on that trip could possibly compare in importance with the sheer joy he gave little Carrie Hazeltine when he put into her hands a brand new copy of "Little Women." With shining eyes, almost speechless at her unexpected good fortune, she thanked him shyly and then, flying to the haven of the library and one of the big soft chairs, she turned to the first immortal sentence: "*Christmas won't be Christmas without presents,*"—and spent the rest of a wonderful day living with *Meg, Jo, Beth* and *Amy* . . . . Sixty-eight years later that day still remains a vivid, golden, priceless memory.

Oh dear, will our children of ten remember with such intense delight any single book of their present experience? I suppose it's too much to hope for, when juvenile books come flooding from the presses in such overwhelming numbers. Well, from the looks of things, if production continues to increase, they won't have much time to dream over childhood memories when they are old, they'll be too busy reading more and more new books!

So now finally I get to what I set out to write about, before I got sidetracked thinking about little Carrie Hazeltine devouring Louisa Alcott's famous story in a "first edition":—the new juveniles at our own library in Carmel. There's "Umi; the Hawaiian Boy Who Became King," by Robert Lee Eskridge, who is both author and artist. Perhaps you remember his "South Sea Playmates"? Mr. Eskridge, who seems to lead a charming existence in south sea sunshine, found the legend of *Umi* in an out-of-print reader, while he was browsing in the library in Honolulu. Besides writing and illustrating books he has painted such things as murals which were part of the Hawaiian exhibit in the Century of Progress Fair in Chicago and decorative panels for the sports pavilion at the new Ala Moana Park in Honolulu.

"Wagons Westward," by Armstrong Sperry, is an exciting story of the old Santa Fe trail, with the sort of incidents boys love—buffalo stampedes, Comanche arrows winging dangerously around, and all the adventures of a journey of 1846.

And speaking of "Little Women," our own American classic, there has just been published a translation of what is considered the juvenile classic of Holland: "Afke's Ten," by Ninke Van Hichtum, the story of a Frisian family that is a fascinating picture of Dutch home life. And with ten children you can better believe there is plenty going on!

For little children, girls especially, there is "Henner's Lydia," by Marguerite de Angeli. *Lydia* lives in an Amish community in Pennsylvania, wears the quaint bonnet and shawl which never goes out of style there, and has adventures in spite of doing a lot more work than children of her age are usually expected to turn out.

For older girls there are several new books: "Up Creek and Down Creek," by Esther Greenacre Hall is a collection of stories about southern mountain girls. Mrs. Hall was a volunteer worker at Pine Mountain Settlement School in the backwoods section of Kentucky and knows whereof she speaks. She isn't there now but she's still writing books *and* bringing up four small children *and* helping her husband publish a small weekly newspaper in a stable at Armonk, New York. (I can't help feeling a special interest in Mrs. Hall, having learned that. Wonder if her husband works all night before the paper comes out and how in the world she finds any time to help. *Four* children, all small!)

"Listening," by Kate Seredy is a beautifully illustrated book telling the history of an old Dutch colonial house in the Ramapo mountains. This is for girls also.

"Book of Living Reptiles," by Raymond Lee Ditmars, consists of colored maps on which are located snakes, crocodiles and other reptiles drawn by Helene Carter and accompanied by descriptive text which is scientifically accurate but interesting.

"Singing Sands," by Grace Moon tells of the difficulties faced by the newer generations of Indians in a story about a young Pueblo girl, *Piki*, who is summoned home to the mesa after five years at a government school.

These aren't all the new juveniles but Miss Niles and her staff are always ready to tell you about recently acquired books. They've just had a gift of about 20 official Boy Scout publications, handbooks and "how" books, covering all activities.

And if you have a little Oz Oddict in your home, you can tell him there are two new ones—"The Giant House of Oz" and "Jack Pumpkinhead of Oz"—waiting to entertain him. —D. C.

\+ + +

"Mothers' Day is one of the Great American Bunks. It is ghastly what the American people will take into their laps to satisfy a craving for cheap sentiment. The majority of mothers in this broad land would much better appreciate a spontaneous letter during the dull days of January than a silly telegram in the glorious spring of May—a telegram that resulted from the energetic application to business on the part of a Western Union or Postal clerk." —Editorial in THE CYMBAL, June 22, 1926.

POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

Three hundred or so little maids from school garland Carmel's highways and byways this week and a few mere males find it a happy hunting ground as the holidays flood this village for the second spring "season." Early in the week rain in the gutters and snow on the hills did not discourage the hardy members of the glittering generations.

While these delightful maidens remind us of the Texas country, beautiful, vacant, their consorts recall that Italian expression "stronga da muscle, thicka da head," only we give it a 1937 model which is "stronga da back, hefta da harms, softa da bean."

The blessing of this year of heavy rains has given our beach greater area than in other years, for the scientists and observers avow that the heavier the rainfall the wider the sands (don't ask us why), but at the same time filled the bay's usual crystal waters with the mud of many rivers and streams, some of which have not run so full in a hundred seasons. Swimmers, however, are not deterred by this situation.

Carmel's shops are gaily attired and doors stand invitingly open. The bread business boomed and bakeries could not keep up with the demand last week-end. 'Tis ever so on a big holiday. Gas stations were going full blast, but, more's the pity, the coast road refused to remain in control. Slides oozed and rumbled seawards and only the hawks and gulls were unhampered travelers.

For a while a counterpane of snow lay unwrinkled on El Toro. Clouds darkened the Santa Lucia ridges and turned the pines black against the viridian of the growing grass. Hereford steers dotted the lowland slopes, fattening on lush feed.

There you have Nature's palette daubed with strong colors. Ochre red steers, viridian lower slopes, dark and peach black-green ridges, green-white snowtops, and the sea, "dirty" browns and greens, olive grays and ultramarine. I don't know colors and an artist could do a lot to improve this classification, but this is how my eye sees them.

\+

Ratzi Cavaliere is a lucky boy. He's one of Johnny Reingold's helpers at Espindola's just now, but in the winter time he chases the mighty sardine out on the wide Pacific. Next season he will be a member of the crew of a purse seiner yet to be built. It will be named *City of Monterey* and will be skippered by Captain Balbo who had a good season's fishing on the Columbia this winter. This is the first and exclusive announcement of the building of this big seiner. Yes, indeed, Ratzi is a lucky boy!

\+

The iron keel of the *Sagebrush* plows southward on the Pacific bound for Panama. On board are the Steinbecks, John and Carol, lonesome for the hound they left behind them. Their English setter, Tony, lurks about the Monterey waterfront, casting tearful eyes on the bums, hoping that some day John will turn up, tired of New York, Ireland, and Scandinavia. In England Steinbeck will look especially for two things, the British Museum and the Tower of London. That, also, dear readers, is exclusive.

\+

Hilary Belloc and his wife, who writes for the stage as Hope Bartnett, are visiting the peninsula, the guests of James FitzGerald, and Abbie Lou Bosworth. (Exclusive social note.)

\+

Exclusive tip: I don't know any more about water colors than Toby, so I asked Jim FitzGerald what green I saw on the hills. I thought I was seeing emerald as one would in Ireland. I confess I had never heard of viridian before, but, after all, I'm not too old to learn, so, I guess, it's all right.

\+

Carmel had some spinster visitors last week who spent the night with the windows carefully locked. No, they were not afraid of our youthful robber, but admitted, without shame, that they thought that the squirrels might attack them. The ladies, hailing as they did from Massachusetts, probably weren't sure how big our native squirrels grew.

\+

And that other lady who went out on a fishing trip at Port San Luis, when the tide was out, and returned in a heavy rain squall. By that time the tide was in again, and she remarked upon the heavy rainfall California was having this season.

\+ + +

Women Voters Try To Kill Bill

Mrs. Paul Eliel, one time of Carmel, is now very busy over in Sacramento trying, in her capacity as president of the California League of Women Voters, to kill a bill—and kill it pretty dead. The bill relates to the reorganization of the State Social Welfare Department and went into committee yesterday in a form abhorrent to the League's own policy. In the form in which Senator T. H. DeLap has introduced it, the bill would combine the State Social Welfare Department and the State Relief Administration, placing the whole administration of Relief in California right smack in the political palm of the Governor. Mrs. Eliel says, "This bill violates all principles of sound public welfare administration . . . No provision is made for a social welfare board . . . No provision is made for supervision of probation. The power of the State Department of Social Welfare to hear appeals on behalf of the aged, the blind or the orphans is taken away and vested in the State Board of Control." The State Board of Control has been practically of no account at all since its creation under Governor Young.

The League's idea is to take the Social Welfare Department out of politics altogether, and make of it a capable administrative body, with a qualified Director to be appointed by a board of seven directors.

League members and others interested are being especially urged by both Mrs. Eliel and Mrs. Voss of the Monterey County League, to make known their opposition to the DeLap measure immediately. Today.

\+ + +

"It is rumored that there is to be a mass meeting of the local theatrical producers with a view to appointing someone to act as audience." —THE CYMBAL, June 22, 1926.

Classified Ads.

FOR RENT—House in Carmel Woods. Unobstructed view of Point Lobos and ocean. Four bedrooms, two baths. Double garage. Available April 8. Apply Fourth and Torres, Carmel.

A SUNNY HOME in Carmel is desired. Two or three bedrooms. We will pay $40 or $45 a month for a year's lease. The Cymbal thinks we would be nice tenants. Address Box XX3, The Cymbal.

GARDENERS! Do you need any black loam soil? If so, call Carmel 516. $6 per load delivered on the Peninsula.

JOB IN CARMEL offers for a saleswoman in rental department of long-established real estate office. Must be experienced and have car. Address Drawer B, Carmel.

IF YOU WERE BORN IN NEW ENGLAND, or ever lived there, you'll certainly enjoy the monthly magazine YANKEE. It contains a great variety of delightful entertainment; the charm of New England scenery in beautiful pictures; worthwhile articles on subjects of interest and importance; short story fiction ranking with the best; and humor good for a chuckle from anybody, even if they've never been near Beacon Hill or gazed on the waters of Lake Chargoggagoggmanchauggagoggchaubunagungamaug! The Swoppers' Column gets better every issue and is worth the price of admission by itself. A few sample copies of YANKEE are available which we'll gladly lend you. Call 702 or drop a card to Drawer A D, Carmel.

RING!!!!
Carmel 18
ONCE OUR CUSTOMER
ALWAYS OUR CUSTOMER
Our cleaning process is superior and we include minor repairs At No Extra Charge
MRS. VAN'S
DRY CLEANING SERVICE
Call and Deliver
Lincoln Street Opp. Community Church

INVESTMENT PROPERTIES
COMPLETE
INSURANCE
SERVICE
CARMEL INVESTMENT CO.
BARNET J. SEGAL
OCEAN AVENUE NEXT TO THE POST OFFICE BUILDING
Telephone Carmel 63

TAXI DAY OR NIGHT CALL 15
PARCELS DELIVERY
Sightseeing Trips anywhere—17-mile Drive, Big Sur, Carmel Valley, Scenic Drive, Carmel Point, Point Lobos, Highlands
RIDE IN A PACKARD...IT COSTS NO MORE
JOE'S TAXI
OCEAN AVENUE & LINCOLN • NEXT TO THE LIBRARY
Carmel-Monterey Stage Office • Telephone 15

Mission Club Calls For Members Now

The Mission Ranch club and recreational grounds will open Sunday, March 28, with a buffet luncheon to be served in the dance hall from 12 to 2. All those who are interested in joining the club at the present time are invited to attend as well as those who are already signees of the membership agreement and their friends.

Now in the process of construction at the club is a large building which will house three badminton courts, a bar on one side and dining accommodations on the other. Up until the completion of this building no entrance fee will be charged to those who wish to join and no dues will be called for. Those waiting until the completion of the building to turn in their application will be charged an entrance fee of $25 which will very likely increase as the demand grows larger. The dues will be as follows: $4 per month for a family and minor children, or for husband and wife only; $3 per month for a single man; and $2 per month for a single woman.

The buildings and facilities that are available to members will include a dance hall with a cold buffet, dining accommodations, a clubhouse where out of town members may stay over night, and several very fine tennis courts. Lloyd Tevis, managing director, plans to go ahead immediately with further projects for the pleasure of members. These plans include a baseball field, a large swimming pool with a sand beach for sun-bathing, a large glassed-in porch with a beautiful view of Point Lobos and the Carmel Valley, and for those more energetically minded, horses to ride the trails. "In fact," said Mr. Tevis, "we will have everything but a golf course . . . . there are enough of them on the Peninsula already."

\+ + +

DORIS WISHART IS NOW MRS. NOEL JONES

From Carmel to Reno to Boulder Dam and back again and a lot of excitement on the way and some good laughs on the surprised Carmelites who are just finding out that Doris Wishart is now Mrs. Noel Jones.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Wishart of Carmel. She attended Sunset School in Carmel and graduated with the 1933 class at the Monterey high school. She is the sister of Mrs. Frederick Layton of Pacific Grove and Emma Anne, Monnie, George and Billy Wishart of Carmel.

Mr. Jones is also a graduate of Monterey High School and is now in his last year at San Francisco University where he is studying medicine. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Rosslyn Jones, formerly of Monterey and now living in San Francisco and is the brother of Lucien Jones of Carmel.

\+ + +

Services in Carmel Churches

(Continued from Page One)

sell, Clara Joy Hitchcock.

The worship service at 11 o'clock will be as follows:

Violin Prelude: "To Spring" (Grieg), Mrs. Valona Brewer.

Processional Hymn: "The Strife Is O'er" (Palestrina), Choir.

Call to Worship.

Hymn: "Christ the Lord is Risen Today."

United Prayer.

Anthem: "O Lord Most Holy," with soprano solo and obligato by Baird Bardarson.

Scripture Reading.

Solo: "The Lord is My Light," Mrs. Edith Anderson.

Pastoral Prayer.

Response by the choir.

Baptismal Service.

A Welcome to Visitors.

Offertory, cello solo by Jean Crouch.

Anthem: "This is the Day Which the Lord Hath Made" (Schnecker).

Sermon Meditation: "Life's Victory Through the Cross."

Hymn: "The Light Along the Ages."

Benediction and Doxology.

The decorating for Easter Sunday is in charge of Mrs. Dora Comfraties and Mrs. Walter J. Dickinson.

\+ + +

Mr. and Mrs. John Steinbeck, formerly of the Monterey Peninsula, sailed Wednesday on the S.S. *Sagebrush* of the Sheppard Line on the first lap of their European tour. They will take a month to sail through the Panama Canal and will leave for England after spending a short time in New York.

FRI-SAT SUNDAY FILMARTE EVES. 7 & 9 Mat. SAT-SUN

'LEGONG' Love Story of the South Seas in gorgeous TECHNICOLOR

AND "The Plow That Broke The Plains" A Saga of the Great Plains Area

ANYONE KNOWS GOOD MEAT WHEN HE TASTES IT!

FEW KNOW IT WHEN THEY BUY IT!

You depend more on your butcher for honesty and fair dealing than you do on any other food seller . . .

YOU CAN SHUT YOUR EYES AND TRADE AT

WEAVER'S MISSION MARKET

On Ocean Avenue between San Carlos and Mission Streets

Hatton Fields Mesa

GOOD ROADS • WATER • LIGHT • GAS

Compare our improvements with those of Carmel or of any other subdivision

HIGH SCENIC HOMESITES

The view from this property is the finest in Carmel

OCEAN • BAY AND RIVER • MOUNTAINS

POINT LOBOS • THE VALLEY AND MISSION

RESTRICTIONS THAT PROTECT • EASY TERMS

Our smallest lot is larger than two lots in Carmel

PRICES BEGIN AT $700 FOR 1-4 ACRE

SEE YOUR BROKER

THOBURN'S · GENERAL AGENTS

Carmel Land Company

YES! THIS IS OUR REGULAR SERVICE

CARMEL CLEANERS

Dolores Street • Tel. 242